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Mown Down.

"The Third Light Horse Brigade charged out from the trenches on the Nek in the grey dawn of August 7—charged out and never came back. . . . The best part of two regiments went forward in three lines, and each line as it rushed that fatal thirty yards was mown down as grass is mown down by a scythe. Only one man, so far as I know, came back alive.—Capt. C. E. W. Bean.

Mown down, mown down, mown down, wild
swathes of crimson wheat,
The wild-eyed charge, the blast, the terrible re-
sult,
The blood-greased wheels of cannon thundering
into line
O'er that red writhe of pain, rent groin and shat-
tered spine,
The moaning faceless face that kissed its child last
night,
The raw pulp of the heart that beat for love's de-
light,
The heap of twisted bodies, clothed and congealed
In one red huddle of anguish on the loathsome
field,
The seas of obscene slaughter spewing their blood-
red yeast,
Multitudes pouring out their entrails for the feast,
Knowing not why, but dying, they think, for some
high cause,
Dying for "hearth and home," their flags, their
crowds, their laws,
Ask, ask if they understand
How both great grappling armies bleed for their
own land;
For in that faith they die, These hoodwinked
thousands die
Simply as heroes, gilded by hell's profoundest lie,
Who keeps the slaughterhouse? Not these, not
these who gain
Nought but the sergeant's shilling and the home-
pain?
Who pulls the ropes? Not these, who buy their
crust of bread
With the salt sweat of labor! These but bury their
dead,
Then sweat again for food!
To send forth one great voice and strike this dark
hell dumb,
A voice to outcrash the canon, one united cry . . .
One voice from dawn and sunset, one almighty
voice,
Full-throated as the sea—ye sons of earth, rejoice!
Beneath the all-loving sky, confederate knives ye
stand;
Fling open wide the gates of the world-wide
Fatherland.—Alfred Noyes in London "Free-
dom."



For Future Use.

THE GERMAN PRUSSIAN: "Ah! You admit you have to copy our method of Con-
scription to beat Germany."
THE BRITISH PRUSSIAN: "Oh, you silly man to think we want Conscription to
defeat Germany. We want it for the defeat of England."
"The Herald," (London).

The Passing Show.

Men will soon cease to speak of the
capitalist system—they will call it a
bloody business.

Those who used to declare "Socialism
would destroy civilization" should now
ask themselves what capitalism is doing.

"It is the duty of the great orator to
howl for war, and to hold some other
man's coat while he fights."—Bill Nye.

Men are running sheep and mere wasters
are hunting them.

Henry Ford, in a statement issued short-
ly after his return to New York from his
peace mission to Europe, said Social-
ism will settle the war. He might have
gone further and said it will settle all
wars.

"A rich man speaketh, and all keep
silence; and what he sayeth they extol to
the clouds: A poor man speaketh, and
they say, Who is this? and if he stumble
they will help to overthrow him."—
Ecclesiasticians.

The average man goes where stern ne-
cessity drives him. It drives countless
numbers to war, suicide, imprisonment,
and insanity. It will never be any dif-
ferent until the average man studies and
understands Socialism and helps to put
it into operation.

H. M. Hyndman makes the cause ob-
servant that the capitalists look at the
workers as "food for powder abroad and
food for plunder at home." The workers
are given khaki when they are to be
slaughtered and dungaree when they are
to be exploited.

opportunities for looting and the
opportunities to do honest work in
present society tend to make men
dishonest. We have a system which allows
men to get something for nothing, and
then honors them as ornaments and pillars
of society. Thus, there is a constant

ducement for men to get rich quickly,
to get wealth without earning it. On the
other hand, the man who does honest la-
bor is regarded with aversion. He is look-
ed upon as a failure and is denied the en-
joyment and social amenities of life.

John Brown was hanged in 1859 for a
crime against the slave-owners. Three
years later, men and boys marched a mil-
lion strong to legalise his crime. This
did John Brown no good, of course, but
it should teach men a lesson in toleration.

The cry of "only the single men" in
Britain, is proving to be only the thin
end of the wedge.

The views of Greek Socialists, published
in last issue, show that they have a few
illusions to shed before they can be said
to be soundly class-conscious. Their faith
in one of the old political parties is a
pathetic reminder that it is slow work get-
ting the workers to rely on themselves in-
stead of upon their old-time misleaders.

According to "Homo," in "L'Hu-
manite," the names of the 20 German So-
cialist Parliamentary Deputies who voted
against the recent German War Credits
are as follows: Bernsten, Bock, Buechner,
Cohn, Dillman, Geyer, Haase, Herzfeld,
Henke, Horn, Kunert, Ledebour, Lieb-
necht, Bruchne, Schwaz, Stadthager,
Stolle, Vogtherr, Wurm, and Zubeil. The
remainder of the opposition abstained from
voting.

Immediately afterwards a vote of cen-
sure was passed by the group in the Reich-
stag against the 20 by 65 votes. Follow-
ing upon this vote of censure, Haase re-
signed from his position as president of
the Parliamentary Group. He still remains
president of the Party.

Referring to the decision of the Govern-
ment to legalise Compulsion, the "Na-
tion" says: "The historic reversal of
Liberalism and democracy was led and
promoted by Mr. Lloyd George, and as-
sented to by Mr. Henderson, the repre-
sentative of Labour. These two betrayals
have determined the issue for the moment,

The will of the late R. B. Smith, who
died in Adelaide in November last, has
been lodged for Probate. The estate has
been sworn not to exceed £1,799,500. We
are glad it has been sworn "not to ex-
ceed" that amount, as we are urging all
patriots to enlist to defend their country.
Estates over that amount might make 'em
think there isn't much left for the patriots
to defend.

Edouard Vaillant, the noted French So-
cialist, is dead. He was born in January,
1841, and was thus on the eve of his
seventy-fifth birthday. He had a good
education and was a fine scholar. During
recent days we have not been in agree-
ment with him, but his record must com-
mand the respect of every worker in the
cause of social justice.

Two years ago I spent my Christmas in
Germany, and, in spite of all that has hap-
pened since, I'm glad I did. While I
write, books are facing me that were
Christmas gifts from Germans. The givers
were Pacifists and Anti-Prussians. And
I know that I had far more in common
with those German Anti-Militarists than I
have with the fire-eaters of British Chau-
vinism. I hope they have not lost their
faith.—A. W. Haycock, "Labor Leader."

A correspondent writes: "Allow me to
congratulate you on last week's cartoon
by 'Woodicus.' It hit the wharflies fair on
the nut." We take pleasure in passing
the congratulation on to the artist, and
also in the fact that our talented young
comrade is winning appreciation as a leg-
turer and writer also. A recent article of
his was reprinted by Queensland and
American papers.

A lucerne farm of 17 acres in the Tam-
worth (N.S.W.) district, was recently sold
for £118 per acre. Such prices put the
poor farmer absolutely out of business.
Only those with a fair amount of cash
can enter the business. Yet, there are
thousands of young men who are dream-
ing of a little farm, wife and children, and

freedom from wage slavery. Alas for their
hopes under the present system.

Every new subscriber you get for "The
International Socialist" is a blow struck at
Capitalism.

At the A.W.U. Convention in Sydney
last week, Mr. Lundie moved:

"That it be an instruction from this
convention to ask the Directors appointed
by the A.W.U. not to appoint Mr. J. C.
Watson as Chairman of Directors of La-
bor Papers, Limited."

He said that during the last twelve
months Mr. Watson had been jaunting
round the world, and apparently was pre-
pared to let the Labor Daily slide.

Mr. Cullinan seconded the resolution.
He said that when he had seen Mr.
Watson's name mixed up with the con-
scription movement he lost all confidence
in him.

Mr. Watson, in reply, said that, as a
Socialist, he believed it was the duty of all
who were fit to do so to defend their coun-
try along with others who were doing it.
Mr. Lundie had suggested, too, that he had
been gallivanting round the world on his
salary of £500 a year. His fellow Direc-
tors knew it was not a question of salary
with him, because, to carry on the work
of the Labor daily, he had to turn down a
number of offers of four-figure jobs which
he might easily have taken. Had he mere-
ly been after salary he could have got
three times as much as had been paid
to him.

After discussion, the motion was re-
jected by 16 votes to 6.

J. C. will still draw his salary.

Mr. Hobman, Premier of N.S.W., has
been accused by the daily press of an in-
tention to go to London and annex the
job of Director of Munitions. Willie de-
nies the soft impeachment, and says he in-
tends to stick to his present job as head
of the State Government. Time will tell
whether or not his denial is like usual
denials when a big job is going. Andy
Fisher was a long time before he would
admit that he intended to slip into G. H.
Reid's cosy corner.

H. E. Budden, Australian Commissioner
in Egypt for the Comforts Funds, esti-
mates the spending capacity of the Aus-
tralian Force there at £3,000 a day, and
the profits at £33,000 a month.—News
item.

Would it be too much to ask if the com-
forts that are being sold to the soldiers
were not voluntary gifts to them from the
public?

The Commonwealth Note issue on Feb-
ruary 23, amounted to £42,645,017. The
gold reserve at the same date was
£14,938,232. We are neither as happy as
the Laborites predicted we should be with
an abundance of notes, nor as miserable as
the Liberal and Tory press said we should
be if there was not sufficient gold behind
every note in circulation.

Premier Holman foreshadows legisla-
tion to ensure secrecy at meetings of the
Labor Caucus and P.L.L. Executive. The
press and the public get to know too much
and Labor leaders are of the opinion that
their meetings are just as entitled to be
kept secret as are meetings of bank direc-
tors. There is a difference, however, be-
tween bank directors and Labor leaders.
The former are class-conscious and true
to each other; the latter are merely a
bunch of politicians and faction fighters.

Says H. M. Hyndman, the well-known
English Socialist: "No man and no woman
of English birth is at this moment safe
from sudden arrest in Great Britain. No
man and no woman of English birth is at
this moment safe from imprisonment with-
out any charge being made, without any
public inquiry being held, without legal
help being given, and without bail being
allowed. No man and no woman of Eng-
lish birth now has the rights of Magna
Charta or Habeas Corpus. They have been
abrogated. The personal freedom for
which our forefathers fought and fell has
been suppressed under the Defence of the
Realm Act."

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Write on paper not larger than letter-paper, and thin enough to avoid getting us fined for over-weight.

Mark the package "Press Matter Only," and address it "To the Editor."

Write briefly and clearly, as long and undecipherable articles stand no chance of publication.

If your article is not published, do not conclude that it is because it is of no merit, for it may be simply owing to the fact that it is not in accordance with the above rules. Where possible, articles of importance should be type-written.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS DUE.

The number on the wrapper of your paper is the number at which your subscription expires. Renew before that number is reached.

The mere vision is little compared with the steady, corresponding endeavor thitherward.
—Thoreau.

All for Peace.

The speech delivered by Mr. Asquith, British Prime Minister, in the House of Commons on February 24, practically reaffirmed the speech he delivered on November 9, 1914, at the London Guildhall.

On November 9, 1914, Mr. Asquith said: "We shall not sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium has recovered all that she has sacrificed, until France is secured against the menace of oppression, until the rights of small nations are set upon an unassailable foundation, and the military domination of Prussia fully and finally destroyed."

These conditions are said to be the final and only terms of the lasting peace which the Allied nations are fighting for. If they are, then peace is a very long way off. How can Belgium recover all that she has sacrificed? She can never recover the men who have been slaughtered. The widowed women and fatherless children can never recover what they have lost. The fight, so far as they are concerned, might as well be declared off at once, but perhaps Mr. Asquith did not count their losses. In speaking of Belgium recovering all she had lost, he probably referred only to the dispossessed owners of Belgium. The land-owners and property-owners have no doubt suffered severely, but if the fight is to go on until they are compensated and reinstated the struggle will last for some time yet.

Mr. Asquith's peace terms are no peace terms at all. They imply war to the knife, or till the military system of Germany is "fully and finally destroyed." It is a queer idea of peace which demands that the enemy shall first be disabled and rendered unable to discuss terms.

Germany, according to her principal spokesman, Dr. Bethman-Hollweg, is, like Mr. Asquith, in favor of peace. Germany, he says, is fighting for a lasting peace, but is determined to get it on her own terms. He argues that the Allies desire to annihilate the German people, and until they give up that idea peace will be impossible.

M. Sazonoff, Russian Foreign Minister, ridicules Germany's argument that the Allies desire the annihilation of the German people. "All they demand," he declares, "is to crush Prussianism." This, of course, is a very modest objective. Russia and her Allies only desire to crush Prussian militarism, but the worst of it is that Prussian methods are being adopted to effect it.

All the belligerents are officially declaring for a permanent peace and international justice, but each lays down impossible terms. What, then, are they fighting for? Are they not fighting for certain impossible ideas rather than for something definite? Seeing that all desire peace, does it not seem insane to continue to kill and destroy in the hope that opponents may be so crushed that they can have no voice in the final arrangement of terms?

Christian Benevolence.

WAR OPPORTUNITIES FOR ITS DISPLAY.

As a youth the writer was persuaded to attend a lecture by a missionary recently returned from China. The reverend gentleman recounted his experiences and made an eloquent peroration, appealing for funds to continue the good work. He was very fair to the Chinese, and eulogised their fine character, for which he professed to have the highest admiration.

At question time my opportunity came. "If the Chinese are not morally behind Europeans, why do you desire to convert them to Christianity?"

The reply was typically Christian. "Because they lack the spirit of the Lord, Jesus Christ."

No one can deny that Christian ethics embrace some beautiful ideals, chiefly borrowed from older religions. Without making any comparisons, however, the best way to estimate the utility of the Christian Churches in softening the character of its adherents is to consider the attitude of its preachers in dealing with people who are in physical or mental agony.

What the Rev. Horace Crotty, of St. Thomas' Church, North Sydney, thinks on this matter can be gathered from a report of some remarks made by him at St. Barnabas' Church, Waverley, last Sunday night. He stated that many men neglected God in their prosperity, and that affliction and trouble were frequently necessary to show them the Light. A clergyman was visiting a hospital where a man lay cursing. The minister did not attempt to preach a sermon. He simply asked:

"Have you ever studied the anatomy of the neck of a pig?"

"No," surlily replied the man.

"Well," said the clergyman, "the pig can't look up; he has to be placed on his back before he can do that. Now, God has probably placed you on your back to give you a chance of looking up to Him. For the sake of His Blessed Son, who shed his blood for you, don't neglect the opportunity given you."

What a kind remark to make to a man in those unfortunate circumstances! The clergyman referred to, and every one who approves of his inspiring remarks, is beneath contempt.

God works in a wonderful way His wonders to perform!

First of all there is the Christian's revelation of what he thinks his God of Love would do. He would lead a man into the thick of the fight to receive injuries, compelling him to be bedridden in order that he might look up to Him! The religionist knows that mystical religion flourishes on misery and suffering. Unfortunately people rush to the arms of Jesus just as they seek the solace of spirits of the material variety. It is difficult to state which is the greater of these two evils as far as a man's thinking capacity is concerned. A casting vote would go to the religion.

The war has been a veritable harvest for the churches. Not for the display of Christian benevolence, but from the financial and soul-saving viewpoints. When a man is cut off in his youth it is a greater blow to his relatives than the death of one who has passed life's allotted span. Perhaps, too, the peccadilloes of his youth are fresh in memory. What to do? If he's a Catholic the remedy is clear. Prayers for the dead and plenty of them. They can't be had for nothing, though. For a consideration the priest will grease Jesus' palm and secure a place in paradise for the departed. Good business, eh? War is a great purifier, they say. If the men who live upon the credulity and fears of their fellows would go, it would be a great purifier, indeed. But, no, they know too much. And here would be no one left to offer up prayers for them if they did go! There are plenty of people who think superficially, and are not free of the fear of death. The religious fraternity know this only too well. When a man is on his death bed, probably in dire physical agony, they are so callous as to prey upon his fear of what may happen to him when life leaves his body. They are devoid of human feeling, except when to display it will help the church.

Doctors who have witnessed countless deaths state that men do not exhibit any fear of death in the majority of cases. Where the physical pain is acute, death is a happy release. It would never do for this to be generally known, for it would hasten the death of false religion (which is the arch-enemy of truth); and lead to the spread of Rationalism, which places Truth upon its proper pedestal.

ROBERT STARBUCK.

The receipt of a copy of this paper is an invitation to become a subscriber.

The Point of View.

WHO ARE THE HEROES?

By "Jayem."

The capitalist press has been endeavoring to show for some time now that the King's uniform is a sort of magic clothing, the wearing of which converts the ordinary individual into a splendid hero.

Also the capitalist dailies consider khaki to be revered like a fetish, while the wage-slave in dungaree and bluchers who uses direct action, or strikes against oppressive conditions in mines, fields or factories, is a scoundrel of the deepest dye.

The individual who fights for freedom of speech usually gets jailed for his trouble, and to encourage the others. The khaki-clad hero may wife-beat, hold up pubs., help himself from fruit barrows, and kick the protesting owners, but be regarded more in sorrow than in anger by persons who believe capitalist wars holy institutions and fights for freedom and justice; and warriors modern species of supermen.

"It was the hardest and longest struggle I ever had in my life, and when it ended I was on the verge of collapse," a Melbourne paper reports Detective Armstrong, when telling the Fitzroy Bench of his capture of two soldiers on a charge of theft.

A collection of offences against persons and property committed by members of the Australian army in training for service abroad makes lurid reading. If men will assault little girls in public parks, assault their wives for various reasons, or desert them for other women; impose on hotel-keepers by means of valueless cheques, steal motor cars, etc., in a country where there is no war—one can imagine the conduct of the same individuals in the enemy's territory—and their treatment of women and girls.

A Melbourne paper recently published a report of soldiers on active service, in which was detailed "a rare joke," when a Kitchener's army man bayoneted his first German, and was so cock-a-hoop that he stood with one foot on his dead foe in the attitude of Lewis Waller in melodrama.

"I laughed until the tears came into my eyes," said a young lieutenant who witnessed the operation.

The same report mentions an individual known as the Chief Assassin, a great sniper, and one of the six men left out of forty-eight who came from South Africa. Says the writer of this delectable romance of war:

"He grinned when I asked him to tell me his biggest bag."

"I picked off twelve in one afternoon," he said. "But it is all in a day's work. If I can kill one or two a day I'm satisfied. Sometimes there's good sport and sometimes there ain't."

It seems there is a superstition amongst some British soldiers from the back-blocks (or remote English counties).

Some of them on a Continental battlefield went to a lot of trouble to bury a dead German (dead three weeks) face downwards.

"It's like this," was the explanation:

"If the beggar begins to scratch, he will scratch his way to the devil. It's an old belief in our district, and it took our fancy."

Socialism and Religion.

The "International Socialist" of the 15th inst., is strong on religion. "Jayem" in her article "Christianity," gets on the job with a loaded club. Yet, I sometimes wonder whether we don't spend too much time in attacking religion; granting all that "Jayem" says, even, all that she might say in addition to that if she let herself go fully; does it get us anywhere? And please understand I am not denying the necessity for such articles; I am in genuine doubt on the issue.

It would seem hardly possible for socialists to hold any further illusion regarding the value of the different religions of the world in bettering the condition of mankind. Those outside the pale of socialistic thought—the masses that must be reached—may need a gentler and more subtle form of argument before being persuaded to drop old beliefs. Instead of cutting the ground from under their feet, would it not achieve more if we devoted our energies to showing them our side and let the other go hang—the tactics of the hypnotist are based on the principle of removing one or more ideas from the mind of his subject by injecting something else. I could take this side up exhaustively but

The sergeant-major roared with laughter at this simple superstition.

This newspaper report also tells of "great laughter," at the story of one of our men who had spent his last cartridge defending an attack.

"Hand me down a spade, Mike," he said, and, as six Germans came one by one round the end of a traverse, he split each man's skull open with a deadly blow.

"Splendid fellow," said a military chaplain, laughing heartily (this priest does not believe in the sentimentalities of the war).

"That man ought to have the Victoria Cross."

Last month a Sydney paper published a local doctor's letter in which he said, "A determined national effort should be made to increase the birth-rate, while worldly prospects and prudishness should be set aside. Nearly 6,000 (amongst the Expeditionary Forces) are dead, these in the flower of youth, and the best material the Commonwealth could desire for parentage. Enlisted men willing to marry could be put in communication with girls willing to face the chances of war with equanimity."

The doctor says "there is nothing new in the idea," and quotes the arranged marriages of "our own Royalties, and the results are no worse than when passion is the sole selector." The thinks "the woman who marries a soldier now shows the highest form of patriotism."

According to the law of heredity and the effect of pre-natal conditions on war babies—products of men with their lowest savage instincts fully aroused, and (probable) hysterical, neurotic conditions of the war brides—the results of these marriages can be easily understood. Grown up, the boys of these patriotic unions will be akin to those who have in them all the lust of their primitive ancestors for slaughter; "swine who," as Prime Minister Hughes said of syndicalists and socialists, "should have devils cast out of them."

Beside such heroic (?) animal or human products, the men and women fighting in all lands for the right of freedom in speech and who dare struggle against the current of present public opinion—appear to prostitutes of the capitalist press, as traitors and enemies to the country they live in. Anti-conscriptionists, and free-speech lovers, the idealists, the socialist whose only war is the class struggle; and a sane, healthy, emancipated people in one big industrial union, are in the shadow of all the great dailies' displeasure.

War-worshippers, all, the capitalist press take care to discriminate. The soldier who picks off twelve of the enemy, his daily tally, the press regard as a hero, almost too modest to accept praise for his deeds of slaughter. He does his duty merely, for his masters. The stay-at-home pacifist, who does his best for wife and bairns, and studies the causes that make for the oppression of the creators of the wealth of the world—the workers; for him is neither praise, nor reward, nor freedom of speech. He is lucky to be in work and outside jail.

the illustration as it stands will serve present purposes.

He doesn't waste time by telling the subject what he isn't, he doesn't spend any time in negative argument. His statement is based on positive lines. Gazing fixedly at his victim he tells him what he is—an ape escaped from a circus and there you have the monkey—no longer man. Couldn't we spend more time in showing that man himself is the highest expression of intelligence, building up all our arguments on this and letting the other side go to hell of its own accord and by its own volition. Turn a stream of pure water in a basin of mud and you needn't worry about the mud—it will go and you'll soon have pure water in its stead.

Religions have always stood at the back of warfare and the ruling class; religions have been specially moulded for that purpose. The hopeless failure of Christianity at this time is written in a stream of blood from the riddled bodies of the world's workers. All of this is apparent and has been ably shown. There can be no such thing as Christian Socialism. But my thought is, that it seems as though we are taking round-about methods of reaching

Disturbing Factors.

In manufacture, transportation, exchange, finance, and many extractive processes capital has during the last 25 years been concentrated into fewer hands, and therefore the classes of industrial workers connected with these industries have no vested interests in common with the capital invested in the industries. But in other industries, such as agriculture, the process has been the other way. It is today the little proprietor-farmer who is the most persistent obstacle to the abolition of capitalist-individualism. The middleman and retail dealer class has also increased enormously during the last fifty years, while many of the increasing number of professional men are directly interested in maintaining as many parasitical occupations as possible. The influence of these classes is enormous and together with that of shareholders in industrial and commercial capital, large and small, is directly opposed to the realisation of socialistic democracy.

The time will come when democracy will have to grapple with these problems. As regards the capital invested in large-scale industry, nothing less than expropriation and socialisation will bring about a rehabilitation of the system. Any process which falls short of expropriation will fail to bring us nearer to a state of social equality, and it would be as well for the working class to realise it. The purely capitalistic class, however, is comparatively easy to deal with on account of its isolation and strictly limited numbers. The question of the middle-class capitalist and investor on the other hand is a much more difficult one to solve, and will require a vast amount of greater efforts than have hitherto been made before it is settled. The problem is to convince the middle classes that they have greater interests as workers than as capitalists. The small investor must be made to give up his capital in return for a greater remuneration for his labor. Without going into detail we may assume that the problem of making agricultural land common property with equal access for all might be achieved by the community holding the land and giving it to cultivators in large or small lots as might be found most productive from a social standpoint of view. What is now called rent would be a charge levied in order to defray cost of common or public service, and should be no more than what in conjunction with other charges for use of the means of production would be just sufficient for that purpose.

But before such a view would be acceptable to the majority of middle-class people, a lot of propaganda work would have to be done. At present workers do not look beyond their own personal interest, and think that by securing a slight personal advantage they have so far advanced their social position. They do not recognise that a slight pecuniary gain in one direction is easily turned into a loss in another direction in the process of exchange. The workers have started to realise that they can easily be robbed of an increase in wages, e.g., through an increase in rent. But the farming community as a whole does not recognise that the advantages of nominal farmer-proprietorship are easily nullified through high prices of land, high interest on bank advances, high charges of mortgages, high taxation, etc. The only way of securing the advance of democratic thought in the agricultural classes is by inducing them to accept the theory that those who perform the actual work should receive the whole of the actual reward and that all privileges of landed proprietorship must go as they are privileges of owners as owners, not as workers. We have large hope of bringing the rural wages worker round to this mode of thinking, but for the landed proprietor of this country until the stage has been reached here, which has been reached in other countries, namely when land has become scarce and the absolute monopoly of a class of possessors has been established. Even then it is not likely that small proprietors will be induced to go further than to secure reasonable prospect of succession to their sons through State intervention and support—what is known in older countries as the small holdings movement.

H. CHRISTOPHERSON.

Keeping our paper going is the most important point at which we can mobilize and concentrate our energies during the crazy war crisis. It is the centre at which sustained effort will do most good. Socialists are having a hard fight against ignorance and prejudice, but how much harder would the fight be without the paper?

I may be entirely wrong in this assumption. Yours, etc.,
QUEEN.

Can Labor Win the War?

The international capitalists, the masters of labor, are drawing closely together financially, industrially and politically.

They recognise that only by close co-operation, pooling their gigantic resources together, have they any hope of defeating or even stopping the onward march of the German power.

Thrust upon the master-class to-day is the lesson of co-operation, the recognition of how infinitely more powerful is a concern that operates together in harmony. The master-class, the capitalists are clever, they are far-seeing diplomacy, expediency, double-shuffling, hypocrisy are second nature to them. They are not fooled with the dope that "Honesty is the best policy," they only try to teach that to their possible victims, such as the working-class in the class struggle.

The real motto of the master-class is that Might makes Right. Although professing different sentiments sometimes, this is what they really believe in. Now to achieve anything a person or an organisation must attain might, the power to conquer. Nature awards her prizes to the individuals that have the might and the power to take.

When an individual in society uses that extra might and power against society, he is called a criminal and society combines to crush him, exercising superior might again. A moral act, or law, or individual, or party, is one that tends to the well-being and happiness of the race. Society to protect itself should protect and foster such individuals. The working-class is the moral force in society to-day, the capitalist class is the criminal class.

The working class is operating to make the conditions of the whole of society better, to humanise society, to promote the well-being and happiness of all by a freer life and a more equalised opportunity.

The capitalist class is prepared to rob, murder, destroy and annihilate all that

is purest, all that is decent in the interests of dividends.

The lesson that nature teaches to the working class is to become strong, to achieve power, to exercise might and by that might to control their own destinies and the destinies of society. Organise, organise, organise, act together, recognise that an injury to one section of the working class is an injury to all. The future lies in the hands of labor and the mission of the working class is the greatest in history. The history of the world is the history of the rise and fall of different powers; the history of the world is a history of revolutions, of changes in control. Labor has painfully struggled up through the ages, in dim dark ages through bloody revolts and terrible trials. Yet ever onwards and upwards until the great beacon light begins to dawn upon the understanding. To say that labor is not awakening is idle, and every step gained is one lost by the master class. The lesson of the day for labor is to be unafraid, recognise their independence and right to govern the earth.

Too long have the criminal capitalist class misused and abused their power; they would hesitate at nothing and the one thing that makes them hesitate is labor, organized, calm and unafraid.

Yes, labor will win the war, the only war worth talking about, the war that is the saviour of mankind, the great class war, with the one great end in view, for labor the ownership and control of the means of life, the factories, the mines, the machinery at present used for grinding out profits at the expense of the health of mankind, at the expense of the life of the babe, at the expense of the purity of woman. The star of hope rises in the ascendancy—Internationalism. Labor united will win.

WYATT JONES.

Le Reveil.

For some time the man on Burkett's right had acted queerly, mumbling to himself, eyes staring out at nothingness, uncertain fingers picking at his accoutrements.

Burkett, far gone in excretion of the heat, the flies, the smell, and the inaction, was not unaware that all was not well with the little cocky farmer.

Between the men was no intimacy. Most of Burkett's camp and transport companions were dead or in hospital. This was no "clobber" in the sense of shared revelries and hardships.

Nevertheless, Burkett jerked a sympathetic elbow toward his neighbour.

"Touch of the sun?" he asked, and continued: "This is the devil's own stokehold for climate, and them crimson in-secks is the limit."

His veteran's eyes noted the general limpness of the figure beside him, the bloodstreaked eyes, the nervous lips. "He takes it hard, pore devil," he commented silently. The cocky farmer's look came back from vacancy. Blood purpled his freckled skin up to the edges of his hair. Speech came as though it were jerked from him.

"Yestidy," he began, "did you see—what I did—yestidy?"

Burkett softly swore encouragement.

The cocky farmer's voice grew harsh with some feeling masked as yet in his face.

"He came right at me—like a devil—out of a bush—and big—bigger'n any man I ever seen—and black, and ugly. . . . Seared ain't the name for what I felt. I'd've cut for it—but he came runnin' and I—right in the middle I caught 'im, an' he went over my shoulder like that." The pantomime was ghastly.

"I never seen it meself, havin' other fish to fry, so to speak," Burkett said, and digressed into reminiscent blasphemy. "Somers said it was the tidiest pob. . . . Thought you'd took cold feet at first—then you ups and gets the blighter in the bread-basket. Put 'im over your 'ed like you was pitchin' 'ay. W'y, w'en you spin that yarn to the crowd back 'ome, they'll think you're a bloomin' 'ero. Add a bit on fer luck like—make it out you done a dozen of 'em in that way. Oh! you cocky farmer pitchin' heathen on y'r bay'nit! Cripes! yer got the range orl right with y'r bloomin' searchlights." Burkett finishes a little chapfallen because of the other's clairvoyant gaze.

The cocky farmer was repeating one phrase:

"Like pitchin' 'ay—like pitchin' 'ay. As easy as that I killed 'im,—like pitchin' 'ay, my God!"

"Well," Burkett said sharply, stirred

by the unusual quality of the man's voice, "what'd you expect 'im to be but killed with 8 inches o' bay'nit in 'is guts?"

The confession continued as though there had been no break: "And I couldn't kill a fowl back home—turned sick in my stomach when I seen its head restin' on the block and the tommyaxe handy. And yestidy I killed a man—me—as easy as that. . . . I killed 'im. . . . nor a rabbit neither I couldn't once. . . ."

"Cripes, I'd like a quid for ev'ry rabbit's neck I've wrung," Burkett broke in roughly, "or ev'ry Turk I've put the kibosh on. . . . What the blazes d'd you enlist for? Kill or be killed—well, kill, says I. And the more the merrier o' these damned blighters. Don't you worry, clobber. We're 'ere to do our bit fer th' Empire, and by hell, the more bleedin'-heathen blown to blazes the more glory, says I."

The blood had dropped away from the cocky farmer's face, under its dusting of freckles the skin was lifeless.

"Seems like I can't never forget his face," Memory screwed his mouth into a tortured grin. "Nor something I seen just as he went over my shoulder. I seen—that eard I got stuck up home—over the fireplace. . . . Red with silver letters it is, and these is the words: 'Inasmuch as ye did it—'

"Hell!" Burkett burst out furiously, "don't you talk no bloomin' 'tex' at me. I ain't religious." He disgustedly ground a clod of earth under his heavy boot.

"Nor I ain't neither," the inscrutable voice went on. "My sister Rosie fixed that 'tex' there. I never took no partikler notice of the words till I seen them yestidy as plain. . . . D'you think, Burkett,—you know the rest,—d'you think it means—would it mean—Turks was 'brethren'?"

Burkett snorted his derision. "What the blue blazes are yer givin' us?" he asked contemptuously. "Turks is heathen, clobber, bloomin' infidels. Brethren? Brethren? No b—y fear!" (The prolonged blank seems to indicate that my typist's blasphemous imagination far outran my own!)

The cocky farmer looked at him long and strangely from eyes darkened by an unusual width of pupil. Then his vision went past his companion. Burkett began to swear to himself as if in relief, a string of picturesque, full-bodied oaths. If relief were there, however, it was automatic, for his brain was busy framing a recommendation to "someone higher up" that Private Merrill be given an immediate holiday from trench work.

The long day wore to its close. The acute discomforts of heat yielded to the evening's discouraging chillness.

War and Poverty.

Some years ago I remember seeing a picture in the English "Punch." It represented several ladies, apparently suffering from over-feeding, discussing in a drawing-room Socialism and the poor. One fat old dowager was saying how she hated the Socialists because they aimed at abolishing poverty. She would be extremely sorry if there were no poor, because "don't you know, my dears, it makes one feel so 'naice' to go round the slums and give Salvation Army meal tickets to the dear poor people."

That illustrates a point which Socialists are apt to miss. Life is made up of feeling—of emotion. The poor enjoy all the pleasure of a struggle for existence. The rich do not; they are compensated somewhat by the beautiful flood of charitable sentiment which pervades their being whenever they give a little to the poor. Of course, it wouldn't do to give too often, for then the poor would not feel their poverty and the struggle to live would lose its keenness and zest. On the other hand, the rich would vitiate their charitableness and the sweet emotion born of occasional giving would be weakened by over-indulgence. "The poor ye have always with you," Christ knew what he was talking about when he said that. (I believe Christ was the gentleman who unloaded the phrase on the world.) The poor are an eternal institution. They fulfil a function. They are part and parcel of nature's scheme for affording pleasure to the other fellow, besides making life interesting to the poor themselves. We can say similar "says" about war. Socialists condemn war. Why? Because, say they, it means ruin and desolation, sickness and death, weeping women and orphaned children. All this is admitted, but Socialists never appear to realise the wealth of heart-stirring emotion which wells up in the breasts of those whom an unkind fate has prevented from experiencing life in the trenches. Were it not for war (and the poor) life would be deadly dull to thousands who have been cursed with wealth. Nature abhors dullness, so the wise old dame has instituted war as a preventative. When you Socialists feel yourselves getting mad and then madder, just for a space let your mind dwell upon the joy experienced by Susie as she sews shirts for soldiers, or the passion of a politician as he portrays in wordy (or windy) picture the glories of mutual murder—excuse me—I mean glories of war. Also, remember the delight of the shirker as he expends a tray-bit to slake the thirst of a hero. Then think of heaving bosoms and thrilling souls as

(Continued on page 4.)

Night came grudgingly, conscious of fished rights, scowling at the din of heavy guns over the sea, the ugly discords echoing from ravine and hilltop. Toward the enemy's lines of trenches all was still.

Burkett, praying for a night skirmish, rubbed the grit of weariness from his eyes and glanced around. The cocky farmer sat in a cramped position, one hand hiding his eyes.

"Burkett," he said suddenly, softly.

"That's me," was the subdued reply.

"You're wrong, Burkett; what you said bars out Gorkhas and Japs as well. They're heathen too. We wouldn't bar them out—bein' Allies. We'd count them brethren. . . . Oh! I didn't mean to—I didn't think about it. . . ."

He was silent again.

"Dotty as a meat axe," was Burkett's inward verdict, and for once he forgot to swear.

Presently, with the movement of one who flings off a load, the cocky farmer stood up.

His face was resolute. "I got to do it," he said simply. "I couldn't never use this against them no more." He laid aside his rifle. "I got to tell them it was a mistake. . . . I didn't think what it meant. . . . I got to go!"

As he reached the parapet, hell, at a given signal, broke bounds.

Burkett, on his feet also, and lurching from the pain of a glancing scalp wound, grappled for a swinging foot and missed it.

Even as a voice thick with fury cried: "What's the damn fool doing?" he sighted the small drab figure running strongly toward the enemy's trenches.

Undischarged his weapon wavered.

The figure was no longer upright, and Burkett's skilled fire was for the invisible foe across the open space scourged now with bullets as a hailstorm sweeps a field of wheat.

The body of the cocky farmer lay, face up, on the disfigured earth beyond the firing line.

Above the shattered torso the face, framed with its blood-matted hair, was serene.

A bullet had scored its passage through each palm of the wide-fung hands.

LILIAN GOODE.

A.S.P. News & Notes.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

Objective.—The social ownership with Democratic control of the means of Production, Distribution and Exchange.
Headquarters: 115 Goulburn St., Sydney.
LUKE JONES.
General Secretary.

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE.

Next meeting of the C.E. will be held on Sat. March 4.

LUKE JONES,
Gen. Sec.

SYDNEY BRANCH.

The week-end propaganda was somewhat disorganised by the rain. Still, some of the outdoor meetings were held.

FIXTURES.

Sunday, March 5—Domain. Chair: Highfield. Speakers: Slade, Nelson, Renell, Mrs. A. K. Wallace.
Park-st. Chair: McCormick. Speakers: A. Rees, Fulham, Rosenthal.
The Branch runs a speakers' class every Monday at 8 p.m.

Sunday Evening Lectures.

SOCIALIST HALL, SYDNEY,
360 Pitt-street.

A Lecture will be delivered every Sunday, 8 p.m.

Sunday, March 5: A. Rutherford: "The Debate of the Trades and Labor Council."

MR. ELDRIDGE ADVOCATES INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION.
SAYS THAT NATIONAL SENTIMENT SHOULD NOT BE ERADICATED.

Mr. J. C. Eldridge delivered a lecture in the Socialist Hall, Sydney, last Sunday, on the subject of International Government. In the course of his remarks, the lecturer said:—

"If harmony is admitted as furthering the welfare of humanity, as opposed to conflict and racial strife, we must be able to devise a scheme of international government, both scientific and just. And we must be able to solve both the racial and the economic problems, which divide humanity."

"There is no doubt, the problem can be solved. But can it be solved now?"

"The world has developed to a stage where humanity is split up into different nationalities. The time will come when we shall have internationalism in place of nationalism. The British Empire occupies a position between nationalism and internationalism. Favored by circumstances, it has promoted a brotherhood among peoples of different races. The Empire has learnt to give up the idea of one central despotic authority. It is a mistake to try to eradicate nationality. The first step in the direction of international governance must be not to ignore national sentiment, but to conciliate and understand it. We see that this is possible from the composite structure of the British Empire, made up of different nationalities."

"But we also have to solve the economic problem. In my opinion, the present war will help to solve this problem. New ideas have been adopted in as far as industries have been placed under State control. We will have to devise a scheme by which the economic power will be in the hands of free and self-governing peoples."

"The British Empire has been able to develop a federation in which nationality and local autonomy exists, and the world system of the future must follow these lines. Then the countries will be able to solve the economic problems by joint action."

the martial strains of the military band strike the tympanums of watching multitudes—the cheers and wild excitement as the troops embark en route for the front. Apart from the joys experienced by the stay-at-homes we have the soldier's exultation and savage joy in the slaughter itself. Could you conceive any thrill greater than that experienced by a warrior as he ploughs his bayonet into the carcase of a juicy German?"

But there, we could go on indefinitely. War has its compensations and so has poverty. Socialists forget this, and as a consequence, their perspective is all awry. Perhaps it would be as well, Mr. Editor, when in future you are metaphorically flagellating the rich and the jingoes, to remember that they are nobly playing their part in "the scheme of things."

GEE BEE.

The lecture called forth some discussion and criticism.

IL. CHRISTOPHERSON,

Secretary.

MELBOURNE.

Attendances at our Sunday evening lectures are increasing satisfactorily, and a few outsiders who have been in the audience for several lectures, give signs of joining the party. One of these visitors has contributed to the discussion, and being the descendant of a Chartist revolutionary, is a good rebel against present working-class oppression.

Mrs. Lavender, M.A., was the speaker on Feb. 20th. "Are Australians free?" she asked. Although not a Socialist, the lady sympathises with what she loves to term the democracy. She is anti-militarist, also believes in women receiving equal wages with men when they do the same amount of work. War, she said, was not a disease, but a symptom of disordered civilization. The war shows Australians are not free. Theoretically, universal suffrage was a great charter of freedom. But Andrew Fisher had no right whatever to promise the last Australian man and the last shilling. Who made him mouthpiece of the people? He no more represented the anti-militarists than the Japanese. Once Fisher promised Australian assistance, we know how rapidly his schemes developed; but it was not the mandate of the people. We have theoretical freedom, but practical slavery. Labelled "democratic party," the present Federal Government is doing the work of capitalism. Mentioning the closing of Melbourne theatres against Sunday lectures, Mrs. Lavender said: "You can never tell what is in store for you in a free community. At present, we have the clutching hand of the War Precautions Act over us, searing us as badly as a German aeroplane."

Last Saturday night's euchre party and dance was well attended by members and their friends. A profit of £1/3/- was realised.

Members of the Party are asked to give better support to the Sunday teas than they have been doing for the past few weeks. These gatherings are useful to everyone who attends them, as ideas are exchanged and the objects of our Party discussed informally and in a manner beneficial to all concerned. Probably, cooler weather will cause increased attendances. During the heat wave of the past month many of our regular attendants at the Sunday teas have preferred attractions of the sea side or the Alexander Avenue's green lawns and shady nooks. However, we hope for bigger tea meetings from now onward.

The sum of £3/3/- has been received and paid into the fund for Com. Wilson's defence. This money was forwarded by Com. Luke Jones, Gen. Sec. of the A.S.P., on behalf of the Sydney Branch members who collected the cash at the Domain meeting, Sunday, February 20th. The Sydney Branch of the A.S.P. set aside this meeting for the purpose of raising money for Wilson's case. Needless to say, Sydney comrades are cordially thanked. It was expected that Comrade Wilson's case would have been heard by this, but at time of writing it has not come up for hearing.

J. M. Press Correspondent.

BRISBANE.

Like unto the South African War, the underlying cause of the present slaughter is being unfolded after many weary months of fighting.

At the inception of the Boer War, we were all exhorted to assist because the British were fighting on behalf of the oppressed and disfranchised Uitlander. Afterwards we were disillusioned.

When Britain first took up arms in this latest outburst we were solemnly assured that she did so solely for the purpose of safeguarding gallant "little" Belgium and plucky "little" Serbia. Here in Brisbane, the most reactionary paper printed on God's (?) earth, now enlightens us by stating that, after all, the root cause of the struggle lies in the efforts made for commercial supremacy, and I notice in a leading conservative magazine, the editor advises the people to drop their pet illusions about "protecting small nations;" of this being a "war against war" and of "Britain the Peace Maker."

Ah! Ah! It all comes out in the wash. Last Sunday evening Mr. Williams, Secretary of the Building Industry Employees' Union, was to have lectured, but unforeseen circumstances prevented the goods from being delivered.

At the Market Square meeting a "military uniform" with a few stripes on, demanded that Quinton cease talking of the war. Quinton amusingly drew attention to Brisbane's latest military dictator, and such was the speaker's satire that the "uniform" withdrew discomfited. God! how these guys would govern had they the opportunity.

GEE BEE.

BALMAIN.

The usual propaganda meeting was held here on Sunday night. Comrades Sloan and Nelson were the speakers. The weather did not look too good, consequently, the audience was not so large as usual. But those who came out to hear the speakers heard a good address from Comrade Sloan in his usual conversational style, on the "Class Struggle." Comrade Sloan demonstrated how the class struggle had always been an economical fact, and is so to-day. Questions were asked and dealt with. Propaganda fixtures for next Sunday. Chair, Sloan. Speaker, Nelson.

GEORGE NELSON,

Secretary.

NEWTOWN BRANCH.

Branch Rooms, 41 Enmore-road, Newtown.

Economic and Debating Class held every Wednesday night.

PROPAGANDA FIXTURES.

Saturday: Chair, W. Gay. Speakers, F. Hancock, J. Kilburn.

Sunday: Chair, W. Gays. Speakers, F. Hancock, A. Kilburn.

RAY EVERITT,

Secretary.

AUBURN BRANCH.

The above branch meets every Monday night at comrade Jenkin's residence, Kurradah Road, Auburn.

Those who desire to join the branch and help in forwarding the Socialist cause should hand in their names to the branch secretary.

A. SCHOFIELD, Sec.

25 St. Helliers Road, Auburn.

HELP WANTED.

Queensland and other comrades will be sorry to learn of the severe illness of comrade Jack Read, of Brisbane branch. Comrade Read is laid up in Brisbane Hospital with typhoid fever, and it will be several weeks before he can get about again. Meanwhile, Mrs. Read and family are hard pressed through the temporary loss of their breadwinner. Moreover, another child is expected shortly, so that Mrs. Read is badly in need of assistance. Any comrades or friends who can help might send a donation to Ern. Fredlien, Secy. Brisbane Branch, Box 10, P.O., Stanley-st., South Brisbane, Q.

PRESS AND MAINTENANCE FUND.

I.S. Club £5, coll. Club Socials £1/1/-, Domain Coll. 16/-, A.S.P. Stamp Levy £4, C. A. J. 1/-, O. Taubert 3/-, Auburn Branch A.S.P. 10/-, Kitchener 6d., W. Layley 10/6.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

G. Warner 1/-, C. E. Wearne 1/-, J. Foley 1/-, T. Connelly 1/-, A. Pritchard 1/-, R. Thomas 1/-, J. Cocking 1/-, W. Baker 1/-, E. Madden 1/-, W. J. Ryan 1/-, E. Covolehuck 4/-, E. Poulson 2/-, W. Ramm 1/-, W. Eyton 1/-, W. S. Williams 1/-, J. Lee 1/-, J. Hennessy 1/-, Voss 1/-, T. P. Healey 1/-, A. M. Stevens 1/-, J. T. Mills 1/-, A. Arndt 1/-, W. Nicholson 1/-, F. Bradley 1/-, W. J. Keys 1/-, A. J. Buchanan 1/-, B. Meyer 1/-, A. Wileman 1/-, F. McReady 2/-, R. Pickup 4/-, G. Jackson 1/-, T. O. Gard 1/-, E. Docker 4/-, G. Batten 1/-, F. Burden 2/-, J. Rasmussen 1/-, McDonald 1/-, C. Marsh 1/-, C. Briot 1/-, W. Wolfe 1/-, O. Taubert 4/-, T. Thomson 4/-, F. Renken 2/-, W. Brotherton 4/-, T. McCrindle 1/-, A. G. Vial 1/-, A. J. O'Shannassy 1/-, W. B. Greenlees 1/-, L. Pfahl 2/-, W. A. Smith 1/-, Carl Mertel 4/-, A. Hewitson 1/-, A. Webber 1/-, L. Nicholson 2/-, H. Lind 2/-, F. Harrison 1/-, A. Stretten 4/-, P. A. Hugo 1/-, H. Sullivan 1/-, J. Finlay 1/-, H. Kilday 1/-, H. Krapfart 4/-, Cookson 1/-, A. Wilcox 4/-, L. Newland 1/-, Amenson 1/-, Dunleavy 1/-, D. Cavanagh 1/-, L. Stevens 1/-, F. Fogeity 1/-, A. Duffield 1/-, P. C. Rose 1/-, S. Higgs 1/-, D. Kaene 4/-, A. Larsen 2/-, A. Steptoe 2/-, W. Torrens 4/-, W. Spettel 4/-, W. Smith 1/-, G. Burgess 1/-, M. Karney 1/-, A. Wallis 1/-, R. Whittaker 4/-, R. Kohn 1/-, W. Fitzharris 1/-, J. J. Storey 1/-, J. Burns 1/-.

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The "International" Postbag.

Wm. Brotherton, Gladstone, Q., writes: Dear Comrade Editor,—
"I was not aware of the existence of yourself or your plucky little paper until two days ago, when some of my old com-

rades at Mt. Lareom sent me three copies, for which I thank the sender who ever he may be. I am enclosing 6/6, being one year's subscription, and 2/6 to the printing fund, and I wish you every success in your efforts to take the cobwebs from the eyes of the fool workers, who will have nothing to do with unionism or labor in politics—and, alas! they are only too numerous. I have been in the labor movement for over 30 years, and have been either president or secretary of the W.P.O. from its inception. I am 70 now, and am receiving the handsome sum of 6/10d per week from a grateful country with a Labor Prime Minister at its head. This may be the 'spoils to the victors,' as I helped Andy Fisher and other politicians to many a victory in the Wide Bay electorate."

A.G.V., Melbourne, writes:—
"Enclosed herewith is P.N. for 1/-, kindly forward your paper from beginning of this year for 1st quarter. I regard the paper as making up in quality what it lacks in quantity. It's simply splendid."
M.W., Cessnock, writes:—
"These four—'The International Socialist,' the 'New Review,' 'The Masses,' and the 'International Socialist Review'—shout commonsense from every page at their readers."

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